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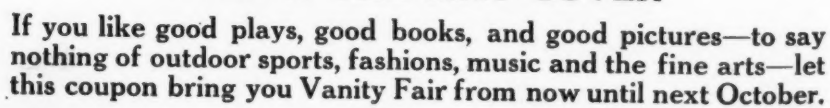
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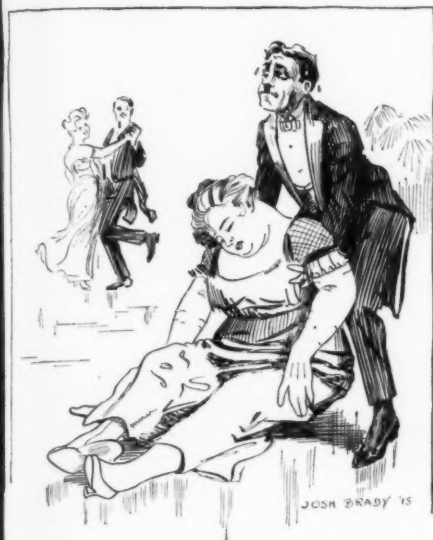
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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¶ In the field of fiction there is always one famous serial novel—often more. A new serial by Basil King, the author of "The Inner Shrine," will begin soon. It is his greatest book. Each month there are at least seven complete short stories—there were eighty-five actually published during the last year. These in themselves are the equivalent of eight volumes of fair size.

¶ There were 24 articles on travel and exploration.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

Putting Mother On An Efficiency Basis

THE efficiency experts appear to have overlooked the most important field of all. While the railroads have been subjected to the closest scrutiny, while the automobile industry has been reduced to the lowest cost minimum, and filing systems, group work, overhead charges, etc., have all received their meed, mother appears to have escaped. Mother still does pretty much as she pleases. Her whims still continue to regulate the prices of the leading commodities. Whether a large portion of the community shall travel, how much they shall eat, and what they shall wear still depends upon mother, who buys nine-tenths of everything that is bought. Until the "mother efficient" is inaugurated, how can we expect to make much progress?

"Vive la France!"

"Every man has two countries: His own, and France."
Life takes pleasure in announcing that on May 27th next it will issue a "Vive la France" Number.

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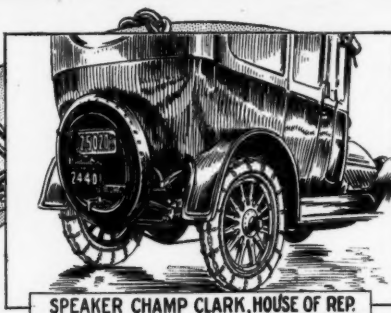
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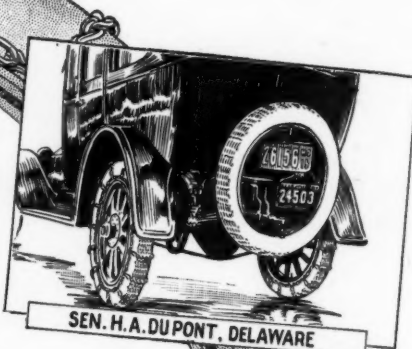
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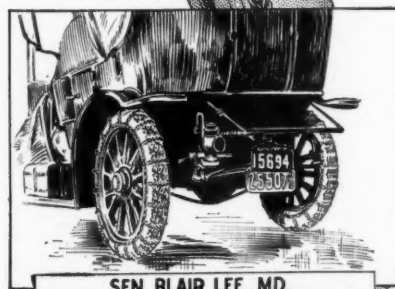
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The illustrations on this page are exact reproductions of photographs taken by a Washington Times staff photographer on a recent rainy day.

These photographs are convincing evidence that Government Officials consider Weed Anti-Skid Chains the only positive safeguard against skidding.

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Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., Bridgeport Conn.



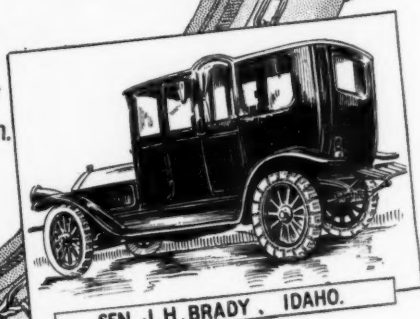
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SEN. NATHAN GOFF, W. VA.



S. L. HEAP, PAYMASTER, U.S. NAVY



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Little Problems

IF out of fifty theatrical productions in New York City three and a half are worth the time and the money, and if the more theatres New York has the poorer the shows become, how many theatres will be necessary before New York can consider herself a complete dramatic success?

IF it takes two decades and a half for the Sherman Anti-trust Act to bring the trusts to the full and complete flower of success and prosperity, how many pages of the *Congressional Record* would it require to instill Congress with a sense of humor? How many for half a sense of humor?

IF it is proper to leave the regulation of doctors to the medical profession and the regulation of lawyers to the legal profession and the regulation of finance to the fiscal profession, state why we should not leave the regulation of burglary to the burglary profession.



HEROES

HE WAS TOLD BY HIS WIFE TO MEET HER IN THE LADIES' WAITING ROOM



Life Unchanged About Suffrage

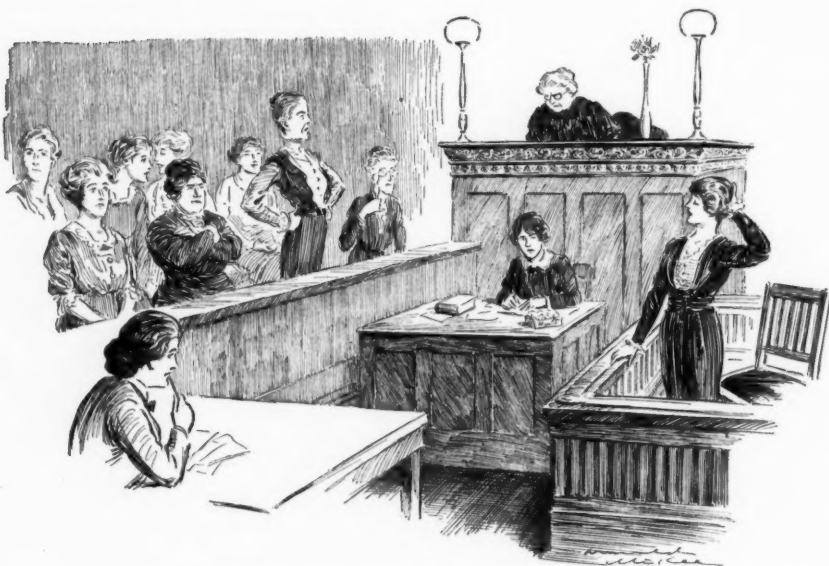
THE Boston *Journal* records it among the Signs of the Times which portend votes for women, that "the famous weekly LIFE, which has been an inveterate jiber at the suffragist, has been converted".

Since when, good neighbor? Since when?

LIFE is not yet conscious of any change of heart or profession about woman suffrage. If it has seemed during recent months to neglect that subject, it has been because the war was such an engrossing interest. When a great crisis of human history is proceeding, to be followed presently by who knows what reconstruction of life and human relations, it is surely excusable to let the lesser disputes lie over until the world finds out where it is. LIFE has neglected suffrage for the same reason the English militants have neglected militancy, because there was too much else going on in the world.

It would be glad to keep on neglecting it for some years to come until experiments now in progress with votes for women, especially in Illinois, have time to be tried out. But that might take too long. To present efforts to get the question voted on in state legislatures it has no objection. Such efforts lately succeeded in Connecticut, with the result that the legislative vote went without a dissenting voice in favor of the antis. That may not be quite a representative disclosure of Eastern sentiment on this subject, but it is a good deal significant.

So far as LIFE is concerned, the suffragists are welcome to anything the rest of the women will let them have, but its sympathies are still with the antis as much as ever.



"LADIES OF THE JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT IN THIS MURDER CASE?"

"WE FIND THAT THE DEFENDANT PAINTS, DYES HER HAIR, WEARS SHOES A SIZE TOO SMALL, MAKES HER OWN CLOTHES, IS FAT, OLD, A FRUMP AND A HUSSY!"



"CAN YOU RIDE HIM, BILL?"

"HOW DO I KNOW, YOU IDIOT! ASK THE HORSE."

Important

BELIEVING that it is bad taste and immodest to allow any of our esteemed contemporaries to get ahead of us in the matter of news from a distance, LIFE takes pleasure in printing the following dispatches:

Pekin, China: One thousand leading officials of government send greetings and congratulations to LIFE on the second year of our existence as a Republic, all due to LIFE's efforts in our behalf.—*Won Lung, Sec'y to House in session.*

Courthaven, N. C.: Tennis championship of world just decided. Permit me to convey heartfelt thanks to LIFE on the successful issue.—*Rackabout World Champion.*

The Hague: Anxiously waiting for LIFE's consent to open negotiations for peace. Nothing, of course, can be done without your co-operation.—*Foxtrotter, clerk.*

Rome: Repairs to St. Peter's now nearing successful issue, all due to LIFE. College of Cardinals sends grateful message.—*Hamstone.*

San Francisco: Owing to LIFE's splendid assistance, the Panama Exposition has turned the tide. Representatives of ten thousand exhibits send grateful message of hearty appreciation.—*Fairways, Commissioner.*



HINTS TO SINGERS
DON'T ENGAGE A TOO CHARMING ACCOMPANIST

To the Cave Men

PROGENITORS and sires, ancestral sources,
Groping in caverns that were damp and draughty,
We hail you, fathers of primeval forces,
Illiterate yet crafty.

You fought with beasts for bones of juicy marrow,
Wrestled with elk and bear for ribs and shoulders;
Not having yet invented spear or arrow,
You struck with flints and boulders.

You were not nice in personal condition;
No chefs had taught you culinary culture;
You had peculiar notions of nutrition
And fancies of sepulture.

No doubt you were indifferently moral,
Guiltless of pacts and diplomatic lying;

Breaking of heads was your idea of quarrel—
Plain living and quick dying.

We look upon you now with envious wonder—
No longer we condemn your young conditions,
Your downright single aims, your naked plunder,
Your limited ambitions.

Not to learn ways of craft and vice and slaying—
These are the things in which we far outreach you—
But greater skill of strife and mutual preying
Are what we long to teach you.

Primitive men that loom of vague dimensions,
Much may you learn from us humanitarians—
Letters and guile and devilish inventions
Unknown to you pre-Aryans.

Arthur L. Salmon.



"WE'RE 'PISCOPALIUMS. WHAT ARE YOU?"

"I FORGET WHAT IT'S CALLED, BUT IT'S THE LATEST THING."

Send Him to Mexico

GENERAL SCOTT'S dealings with the Piutes read just like a Sunday-school story.

It was truly lovely.

He was as kind to those Indians, as sagacious, as patient and as firm as a real saint with a lot of heathen children.

It pleased everybody.

Why can't General Scott re-pack his handbag and go on a mission of pacification to Mexico!

He seems the kind of man who might do Mexico good.

Reformers

THE tendency of the present age is to produce a crop of reformer-reforming reformers. The reforming instinct is so firmly imbedded in some natures, and the futility of universal reforming is becoming so apparent that, sooner than most of us expect, megalomania will find no outlet other than reforming reformers. And, of course, the next step will be reforming the reformers of reformers, which will eventuate in making all reformers like the big fleas that are preyed upon by smaller fleas, which, in turn, have still smaller fleas to bite 'em, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A Great Question Answered

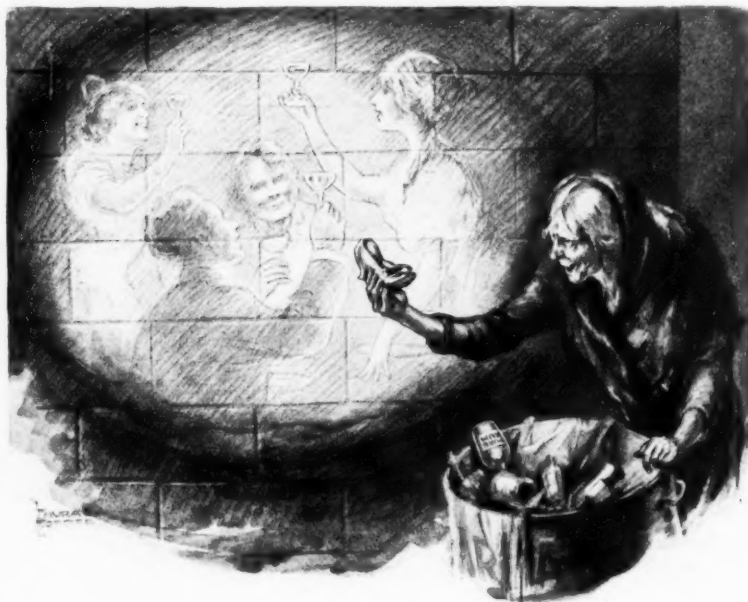
BEING desirous of settling the important question as to when the war will end, LIFE has taken the trouble to interview our most influential citizens, with the following results:

Mr. J. Burns Limelight, the famous detective, author of "How I Discovered Myself", after-dinner speaker, etc.: "It will be a short war. I'll stake my reputation it will not last less than two months or more than two years."

Miss Daisy Kalsomine, the seventeen-year-old historical novelist, whose latest work, "Mud", is awaited with breathless interest by a feverish public: "I cannot see how the war can last beyond August; but it may, of course, last until September, October or November. Ain't it terrible, anyway?"

Professor Lignum Vitæ, of Squirter University: "In my next book, which is now being fed to an army of presses, the end of the war is announced. It would manifestly be unjust to my publishers and myself to give the information in advance of this date."

Mrs. Clingstone Van Peacher, society leader of Vogue, Vanity Fair, Town and Country, Newport, Lenox and Upper Fifth Avenue: "I'm so nervous about it I hardly know what to say, but, of course, I must say something. August third is my lucky day. I got my first divorce then. Do say August third!"



MEMORIES

IF you want to get a reputation for wisdom, my son, be solemnly prophetic. Men will marvel at your insight into the future, and your prophecy will be forgot before it can be disproved.

BENEDICK: Every man ought to have a salary that will enable him to marry.

BACHELOR: Yes, and then he ought to have sense enough to stay single.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

Starving Germany

To Editor "Life Illustrations" who feed all human races on buns of comical thought,

DEAR SIR:—

Hon. Zero Kuroki, Japanese plumber, approach to me yestday and report for gladness in his eyesight,

"Togo," he say so, "in this depression of business grief there shall not be any poverty for plumbers who shall get increased prosperity. Why is? Because of Prohibition which make water more plenty, therefore plumbing more numerous."

"Congratulate!" I say it neglectfully.

"Yet I are slightly hopeless," he narrate. "For why should I set around enjoying nourishing water when Germany are starving?"

"What you mean starving?" I require with Perlmutter teeth.

"I mean Christian Science eating." This from him.

"How could it?" he illuminate. "This morning I read by news print how Germans had stored away sufficient nourishment for keep them 7 years."

"Where they stored it?" I make defiance.

"You are acquaintance with some Germans?" he ask out.

"I am extreme friendship with Hon. Felix Nussbaum, intellectual butcher." This from me.

"You notice something peculiarity about his egotism?" That he said.

"It are swelled around in front resembling Hon. Wm H. Taft," I report baffably. "He are heavyweighted to nearly 400 lbs averduplus."

"Can't you not seen from that something wise about German government?" require that celebrated lead-piper.

"You are talking cubist," I surrogate.

"I tell you in plain Y. M. C. A.," he elucute. "Personality of Hon. Nussbaum are merely part of German campaign for conquor world. 22



"How Germans had stored away sufficient nourishment for keep them 7 years"

years previous to now, when Emp of Germany wish make future battles, he say so, 'We must store up sufficient nourishment for keep Germans considerable years while being besieged by England and other war correspondents. Therefore, we consult University of Limburger for see how can be done.' With immediate quickness Hon. Kaiser elope to that important education for find out. Hon. Prof make baldheaded hair-rub for considerable think, then at lastly he report, 'Germans conquest of world must be personal matter to every Germans. Therefore. Food can be carried around more conveniently in fattish tissue than in wagons. Therefore. It are patriotic duty of entire Fatherland to make every patriot a storehouse containing sufficient carbo-hydrant of lard for keep him comfortable, even during Italian pro-German demonstration in Dardanelles."

"Then Kaiser's great conservation

of food are not in German farms?" I negotiate economically.

"No. In German forms," are quick-fire report for him. "All Allies are now attempting to reduce Germany. How rapidly can this be accomplish? Japan, Italy, England, Switzerland, Belgium and other depressed powers soonly expect lay siege to city of Hamburg. They surround them with boom-guns, bayonuts and threats, hoping thusly to surrender them. All in vainly. Germans are intellectual people, containing brains in their every bullet. For 21 1-3 years each citizen of Hamburg have been thinking patriotically about starving for his country. What he been doing with extreme zeal of Samurai? Eating 9 meals daily where only one (1) were necessary. Consequence. Each Hamburger can meet crisis like man. By following statistic you will observe how Hamburg will reduce before surrender:

1st Year:—Average Hamburger weigh 329 lbs without food and can still sing Deutschland Uber Allies.

2nd year:—289 lbs average weight for those Germans who feel very bant but quite strong.

3rd Yr:—Now containing average of 247 lbs, German militia of Hamburg are somewhat reduced.

4th Yr:—Thin grey line of heroes, slightly longing for Hamburg steak, but happy in places, decide that meal of food in 1920 would feel like German victory, can still hold out until average drops to 180 lbs, when they will resemble Belgians . . .

"Etc," report Hon. Zero Kuroki, making slight pause for intellect.

"Go on a few more years," I acknowledge.

"To make short stories long," he divulge, "in 1922 each citizen of Hamburg are so boiled down that he average 156 lbs. and cannot be recognized as German except by his talk. Every patriot of that hero town are determined to stand where he fell, until Gen. Kitchen, intelligent English feeder, think up something with bril-



"Every Hamburger can meet the crisis like a man"

liance. One smooth afternoon while skies are filled with blues, he send up enlarged German dirigible balloon for float over town. All Hamburgers see this, and sight of that great airboat remind them so muchly of sausages that not a heart can remain untouched. Consequence of that, 100000000 tablecloths is brought forthly to make white-wag wave. Peace comes marching in with guns and before midnight German Relief Fund have provided 9 meals daily for happy Hamburg homes."

Hon. Zero Kuroki tell this while estimating. I could only ade his wisdom by following intelligence:

"War are like all other branches

of love," I negotiate, "It are always chasing itself in circles."

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

Must Be Prevented

THERE is danger that Washington's home at Mount Vernon, now an established historical shrine, will be sliding off into the Potomac, on account of the disintegration of the soil support. It would be a pity to permit this. It is a monument to enduring character which—among so few left—we should take pains to preserve.

Rules

(For cats who are abandoned during the summer by their owners.)

KEEP up appearances. If you are slowly starving, look pleasant about it.

Don't haunt the neighborhood, otherwise the people who have left you behind would get a reputation for cruelty. This might not affect their social position, but it is hard on the tender-hearted neighbors to feel they have such folks near them in winter.

If your fur begins to wear off over the corners of your bones, rub cold cream on freely. Can be obtained at any first-class drug store.

Don't sit on the back-yard fence and yowl. Consider others. If all the hungry souls were to do the same, nobody could enjoy themselves.

Don't paw the kitchen door and miau. Remember that a latchkeyless life contributes to a judicious silence.

Don't, in any unseemly manner and in your haste, overturn an ash can. Always respect the health and well-being of others.

The Vulgarity of Refinement

VULGARITY is either conscious or unconscious. Unconscious vulgarity is rarely offensive to the sympathetic student of human affairs, unless either his inexperience or bad luck make it impossible to avoid it. Even in these circumstances, the contact with unconscious vulgarity may have its compensations. A person unconsciously vulgar is likely to be good-humored, and is often amusing.

Conscious vulgarity, however, is much more hopeless, particularly when it takes the form of a more or less conspicuous refinement. Livery is, not always, but often, an illustration of the vulgarity of refinement. The same thing is true of some kinds of learning. A man who wears upon his sleeve a certain brand of philosopher may be as definitely vulgar as the one whose butler wears gold epaulettes.

The vulgarity of refinement is not the same as the refinement of vulgarity. Newport illustrates the former. Chicago, broadly speaking, the latter. New York, being more cosmopolitan, contains a mixture of both.



Conscientious Demonstrator: I TAKE YOU OVER HERE MERELY TO SHOW YOU THE REMARKABLE CONTROL EMBODIED IN OUR NEW STEERING WHEEL

Openers

(The following are suggested as sample openers for the advertisement of best-sellers. The author, of course, can write his book to fit.)

WHAT would you do if you were an absorbingly beautiful girl of eighteen, with a sweet disposition and one-and-a-half-inch eyelashes, if you found yourself standing on top of the Woolworth Building at three o'clock in the morning, holding in your hand a million dollars, and with not a friend in the world?

What would you do if you were a young wife, tender, loving, devoted to your husband's bank account, with three beautiful children, if a Russian princess should set fire to your house and carry off your husband in the dead of night, causing the Secretary of State to make a special trip abroad and the Mayor of New York to carry you off in an airship?

Lady Suffrage

PERHAPS the suffrage movement would progress more rapidly if it were treated with more of the respect that is its due. Both pro-suffragists and con-suffragists have got into the carelessly vulgar habit of calling it woman suffrage, which, to the cultured mind, carries the inevitable suggestion of inferiority, of unregenerateness, of plebianism. We, therefore, recommend the use of the more polite, respectful and aristocratic term, lady suffrage. There can be no question that the movement is perfectly ladylike enough to merit this consideration.

In Luck

HARDUPPE: That fellow Flubdub says he owes more money than he can possibly ever pay.

BORROWELL: Flubdub always was a lucky dog.

Real Romance

HE leaned over her earnestly.
 "I have said the same things to other girls that I have said to you," he said.

"Indeed."

"But that is not all. I have kissed many other girls, just as I have kissed you, and in each instance it has seemed to me that the last was the best."

"Well?"

"I have painted the same dreams of the future with others that I have painted with you—the vine-clad cottage, the climbing roses, no one in the world but just us two—and all that sort of thing."

"And what do you tell me this for—now?"

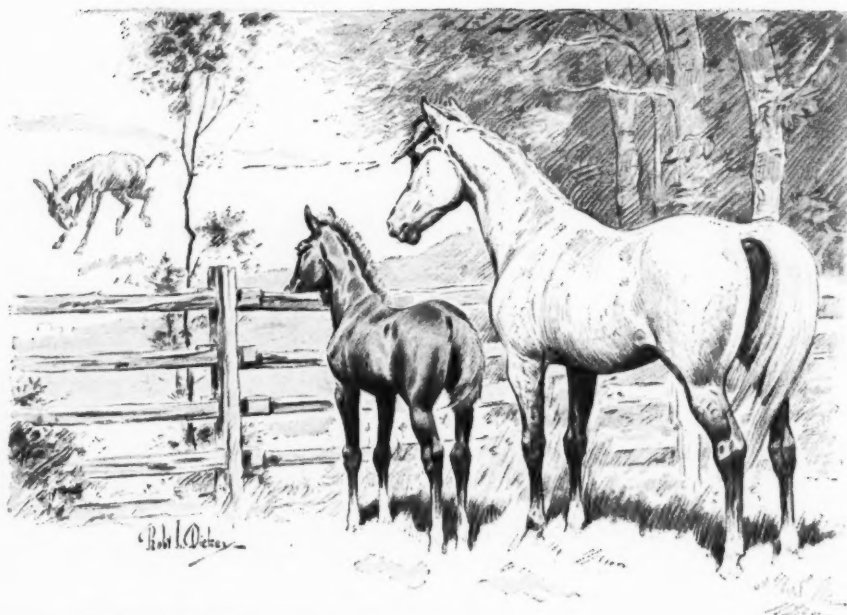
He caught her in his arms.

"Because, darling," he whispered, "I thought, now that we have actually been married for two years, you ought to know that you are the only girl in all the world that they've all come true about."

IF necessity were the mother of invention, what a prolific source of progress our city slums would be!



The Boy: TH' DARNED APPLES ARE ALWAYS CAUSIN' TROUBLE—FIRST IT'S ADAM AN' THEN IT'S ME!



"MOTHER, ISN'T THAT A SILLY FELLOW?"

"YES, BUT HE COMES HONESTLY BY IT. HIS FATHER WAS A PROMINENT ASS."

Peace Prospects

IT is in process of disclosure by pro-German writers in and for this country that Germany does not wish to keep Belgium. Professor Delbruck says so from Berlin; Professor Von Mach says so in Cambridge, and Dr. Dernburg says so.

It is good news as far as it goes, and may save trouble and expense, though how far Germany's wishes will affect the settlement that follows the war cannot yet be calculated. Just at this writing the fall of Przemyśl, with the loss of many men and some consonants, is still the last important war news, but there is a lively confidence, backed by the money of bettors, that the war will be over on the first of July.

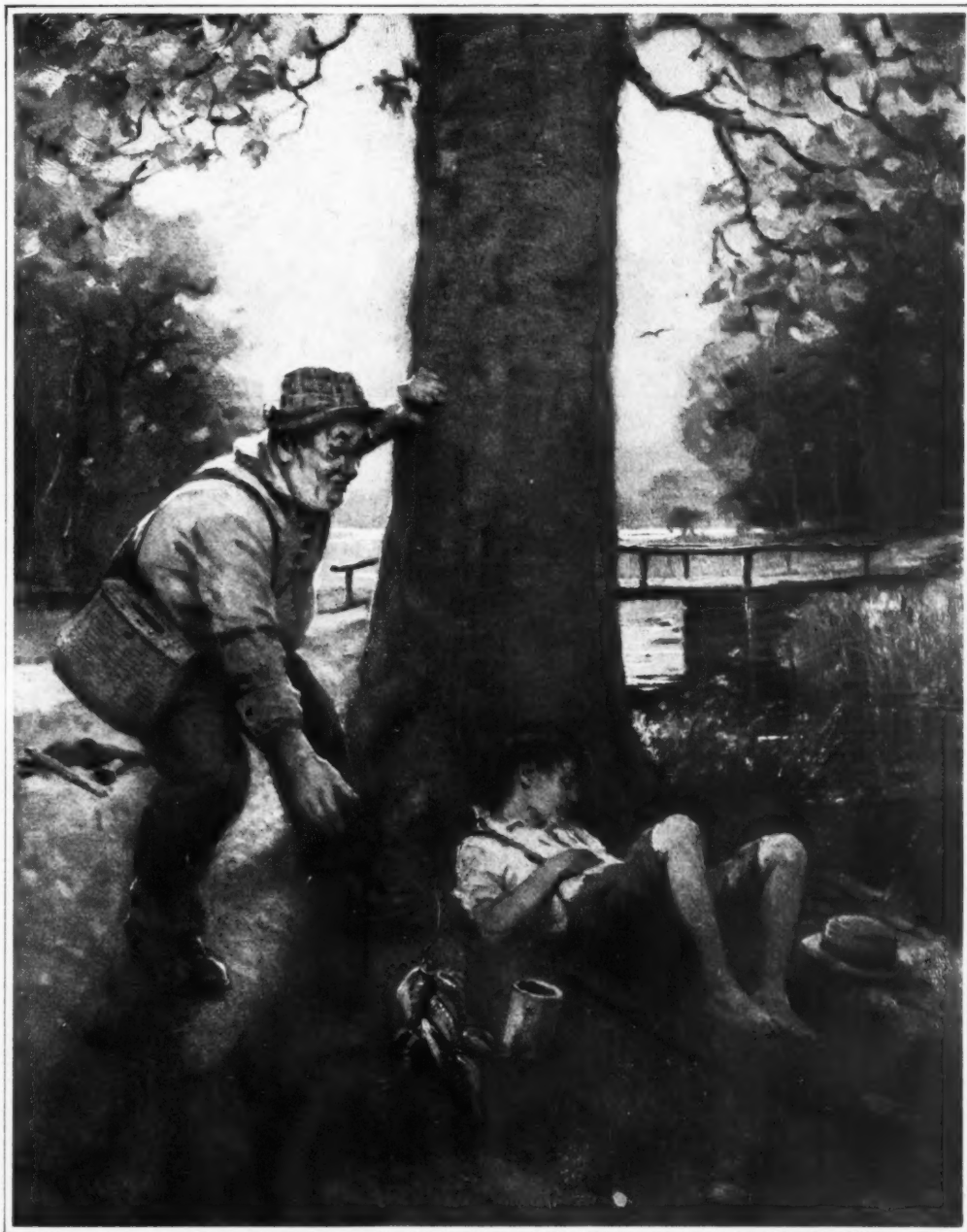
That opinion must be based in expectation that the Allies will be able to develop an overwhelming energy on all lines, and that there is ammunition enough in the world to finish the dispute. No prospect of ending it in any other way than by successful fighting is discernible.

Why She Could Remember What He Forgot

WHAT was deposited in her mind lay long undisturbed and could be had when called for. But in his mind nothing lay long undisturbed. Thought wandered loose in it continually, like a pig hunting truffles, turning everything over and often making desired information inaccessible.

TEACHER: In the history of any people, what has always preceded persecution?

TOMMIE: Religion.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK



THE LAME DUCK



THE DIP



THE HESITATION

A Fable for the Working Girl

FOUR young women, leaving their offices at the same hour, daily lunched together; and out of many talks and much observation, they formulated a vow.

"Poverty at twenty-five," said they, "is bearable; it is even merry; and it is thoroughly respectable. But poverty at fifty is a degradation. Old age on dwindling salaries, clinging undesired to slippery positions, is so hideous that any sacrifice that averts it is worth while. Let us save. Let us give up the joys and frivolities of youth, that we may enjoy the dignities of old age. By fifty we shall have piled up enough for a comfortable income. Let us meet here on the first of June, twenty-five years hence, and inaugurate the years of leisure, art and freedom by going together to Europe. Let us swear it on our clasped hands."

The four kept their vow, and the twenty-fifth June finally came. Having denied themselves pretty clothes and the opportunities of youthful gatherings, they were not married, but their savings had accumulated, and the years of delight lay before them. The signal went out to gather for the lunch that was to precede the trip to foreign lands.

But Jennie—she whose feet had been so full of dance that they could scarcely be got by a street organ—came worriedly, walking to save a carfare. "Yes—but Europe is so expensive, and the firm wants me to stay on; so I think I will—another year, anyway," she said, ordering lamb stew because it was fifteen cents, and turning angry at an extra charge for bread and butter.

And Phebe, who had so loved to be kind that only her vow could make her deaf to the needs of others, came white and silent, a newspaper in her hand; for the trusted agent who had nursed all her patient savings had done

the usual thing, and her horde was gone. And Kitty, who had fought down her glowing youth with secret cries and tears, brought a face as stricken, and an open letter telling that she had fallen heir to a comfortable fortune, beside which the price of her twenty-five years scarcely counted. And Nora, the music loving, who had starved for beauty, did not come, for that morning she had died.

The moral is that you must save just the same.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF FRENCH POODLE ON BEING OFFERED FOOD ON A DRESDEN CHINA PLATE



THE GRAPEVINE



THE WALTZ



THE GRAND MARCH

Chip-on-the-Shoulder College Pacifists

THE Springfield *Republican* makes a passing editorial allusion to the "immature, chip-on-the-shoulder militarism which, however harmless, is taking the trouble to assert itself ostentatiously in not a few colleges and universities of the United States".

There may be some. If the *Republican* says so, no doubt there is, though we hadn't noticed any. But what of the ostentatious, immature, chip-on-the-shoulder pacifism that the colleges disclose! There is plenty of that.

At Harvard, when President Lowell recommended students to take summer courses in military training camps, the *Crimson* responded with a warning that the "educated college man's patriotism must cease to be linked with military service if progress toward universal peace is ever to be made".

At Columbia the Collegiate Anti-militarism League has issued a protest to the effect that such activity as is disclosed by the summer training camp idea and the suggestion of the American Legion is "in the highest degree significant of danger to American democracy".

At New York University the *Evening Post* reports the formation of an anti-militarist society to banish war

talk from the Heights and work for universal peace.

The Collegiate Anti-militarism League, Karl G. Karsten president, has been formed for agitation against militaristic tendencies and has already experienced an eruption of circulars.

What, if anything, the militarists

are doing, heaven knows. Maybe they have all dispersed; maybe they are drilling in the dark; but certainly they do not advertise, and the *Republican* must have sent out detectives to catch them in any act of ostentation.

The summer training camps to teach to college youths who are willing a little military science are an excellent plan. The desirable thing in the way of military preparations for our country is the continuous training of a reasonable number of citizens in military duties by methods that will not interfere too much with their ordinary work. We ought to have, not only now, but always, an available reserve of half a million fairly well trained men, and especially we should have trained officers for such a body. That is a very moderate provision; not militaristic at all, but entirely protective and pacific.

Anti-militaristic Collegiate Leagues, formed to fight such a provision, ought to get drill-masters and learn the military art, so that if the militarists get us on the run they can protect us with efficiency. Properly trained, they will be just as good for national defense as anybody.



UP AGAINST IT

Knees

(By a Mere Man.)

KNEES bag trousers, hold girls, and at one time were extensively used for praying.

Knees are also employed in baseball and football. When used for this purpose they are first covered with hair mattresses.

Knees come in pairs; as in poker, four knees usually beat a full house.

Every knee, like most well-ordered kitchens, has a pan; no knee, indeed, is complete without this necessary domestic article.

Knees are also used by husbands, who plant them firmly in their wives' backs while hooking them up, engaging themselves meanwhile in merry songs and airy persiflage.

Every knee helps to tether the calf of the leg to the thigh; if it were not for the faithful knee the calf would wander off by itself and get into trouble. Sometimes it does anyway.

Knees will go on uncomplainingly for a long time with very heavy burdens, but when requested to carry alcohol they almost immediately begin to fall out with each other.

They frequently have to hold up a perfectly useless person for many years; before the altar, however, or during an after-dinner speech, they frequently knock each other hard.

Sometimes knees are fond of lamp-posts and will cling to one for hours at a time.

Knees are ambitious; a pair will begin by holding up one girl, and will end by holding a whole family.

THE difference between your own and other people's children is the difference between virtue and vice.



Art Editor: I'M AFRAID YOUR WORK IS TOO COMIC FOR GENERAL ILLUSTRATING

Artist: I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS I WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE DOING COMIC SUPPLEMENTS

"NOT NECESSARILY. YOU MIGHT DESIGN WOMEN'S FASHIONS"



GEOGRAPHICAL
TURKEY IN EUROPE

Methodists Want More Ginger in Neutrality

THE Methodists of New York, speaking through their committee on the state of the nation, appeal to the country to support the President in his difficult dealings with the nations at war. They suggest, however, that they could have stood it to have him remonstrate about the various German atrocities in war. They fear our country has not done its duty in omitting to remonstrate "when women and children were being slain in unfortified villages by reckless bombardment", when passenger ships have been attacked by submarines, and bombs have been dropped upon defenseless homes.

No doubt the Methodists reflect a feeling that is fairly general. It may be we owe the President a great debt for keeping us out of the war; nevertheless, if he had remonstrated against treaty breaking and barbarities, he would have had the backing of the nation. The newspapers did remonstrate, and have been powerfully supported in that duty.

To Whom?

SING a song of doctors
Working on a case,
Each with saw and chisel
And a bit and brace.
When the case was opened,
Nothing wrong at all—
Did that make the doctors
Feel a trifle small?
No; they played his organs
To the merry tune
Of three hundred dollars.
Surgery's a boon!

Walter G. Doty.



TRAGIC MOMENTS

HIS FIANCÉE SEES CAPTAIN VON HOFFENFEFFER IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES FOR THE FIRST TIME



APRIL 29, 1915

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THE opening of the baseball season, the Riggs Bank fight and the trial of William Barnes's libel suit

against Theodore Roosevelt have all combined to take our thoughts a little off the war in Europe. They are all spirited phenomena, adapted to stimulate the attention of observers and afford topics for discussion.

Baseball we may safely leave to the charge of the innumerable specialists in that occupation, who write of nothing else, and, apparently, think of nothing else so far as possible. Baseball is annually epidemic in this country from April to October. It is a great industry that takes care of itself, asking nothing to speak of from legislatures, commissions or boards of health, but going along under its own steam with only such help as it gets from occupying a page or two of every newspaper every day, and of due space from month to month in most of the weekly papers and magazines.

It is a relief to have one great pursuit that asks nothing from government and prospers without regulation or subsidy. There are those who feel that baseball gets too much of the public attention and money, and that it is a trifling game at best and wastes time that should be spent on serious matters. But as to that, who can tell? Baseball is obviously important, because there is so much of it. What time is wasted and what is "improved" is matter for discussion, and at least it can be said that baseball is remarkably free from vice. It is not thought of as a moral or religious game, but, after all, it has given us

Billy Sunday, and theology has often done worse.



AS for the Riggs Bank fight, it is glorious. We need not have any opinions about it until the witnesses have been heard and some judges have guessed what the law is. The Riggs Bank people say that Secretary McAdoo and Comptroller of Currency John Skelton Williams have been making life more burdensome for them than the law allows. The two treasury officials retort that the Riggs Bank people either don't know or don't care what the law allows, and have been violating the law in their business. Report says this is an old fight that has broken out in a new place; also that it is part of the general Armageddon between the banking combine and an administration that has aspired to bit and bridle the Money Trust. At any rate, it is a fight between fighters. Mr. McAdoo is temporarily impaired by his recent farewell to his appendix which was overstrained in the shipping bill mêlée, but when in condition he is light on his feet and very handy with his hooks. Mr. Williams is credited with being a remarkably spontaneous and determined character, very bent on having his own way and likely to get it unless seriously outnumbered. The Riggs Bank officials having started the fight with these formidable officials, doubtless have the munitions to see it through.

Persons wise in banking hold that since under the new currency law the Governors of the Federal Reserve

Board have the power to examine and discipline banks, all of that business should be left to them, and the duplicate powers which have been left over in the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller should be extinguished.



MR. BARNES is suing Mr. Roosevelt because of a statement that the Colonel gave last July to newspaper men. It was while candidates for Governor were being considered. Disclosing his preference for Harvey D. Hinman, the Colonel said we had in New York State the worst development of bi-partisan boss rule, with invisible government, working through the alliance between crooked business and crooked politics. He went on to say:

The interests of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Murphy are fundamentally identical, and when the issue between popular and corrupt and machine rule government is clearly drawn the two bosses will always be found fighting on the same side, openly or covertly, giving one another such support as can with safety be rendered. . . . They really form the all-powerful invisible government which is responsible for the maladministration and corruption in the public offices of the State.

After reading this statement in the newspapers, Mr. Murphy sat tight, as usual, but Mr. Barnes called his lawyer, Mr. Ivins, on the telephone and started a libel suit for fifty thousand dollars, which has come to trial as LIFE goes to press.

This may be a very useful lawsuit. We all know that government in this state is a bad disease, but we keep forgetting between elections the details of the ailment. To have a pathologist of the talent of Colonel Roosevelt disclose them to us again in a lawsuit may be really helpful and lead to effective treatment; the more so because the accuracy of assertions made in a lawsuit is immediately tested, and the facts that are established have a definite and visible basis.

We should rejoice, therefore, that Mr. Barnes took the Colonel's animadversions seriously, for a searching,



AFTER THE WAR

"I CAN'T EVEN HOCK THE THING"

sworn exposition of the way New York is misgoverned may do quite a bit of good. What is to regret is that the costs of this public service should fall on two private citizens, neither of them notoriously rich. About that something ought to be done, and perhaps may be done. The Rockefeller Foundation might very properly assume the expenses that will accrue from this enlightening contest.



IN spite of a prevailing disposition, much encouraged by experience and the tax rate, to regard all public functionaries in the City and State of New York as public enemies, we confess to a growing persuasion that we have in this city a good Mayor. More than that, as far as the sins of our fathers and the sins of Albany permit, we seem to have at present

pretty good city government. Mayor Mitchel says we have, and he ought to know. On April 12th, at a dinner, he made a report to the Committee of One Hundred and Seven which selected him. This report the *Evening Post* (and perhaps other papers) printed in full, and it was very good reading, and adapted to make hopeful people feel that New York City government was really on the mend.

If the people of New York once get it through their heads that their civic affairs are being well ordered, they may insist upon that state of things being maintained. If they conclude that Mr. Mitchel is a good Mayor, they may be able to arrange with him to keep on being Mayor until further notice.

And he does seem to be a good Mayor, and to improve by practice.



DR. DERNBURG'S letter to the Portland mass meeting has been read with interest by many friends. It is understood to be a feeler for peace, and as such has been kindly and hospitably received by neutrals. Its suggestions of conditions under which peace might be acceptable to Germany are doubtless not so very important, but they offer details for discussion, and have been profusely discussed. What is of main concern is that here is an intimation that Germany is not deriving so much improvement and satisfaction from the so salutary and glorious exercises of warfare but that she would let up on them if it could be made graceful for her to do so.

The good doctor intimates that the idea that Germany wants to conquer the world—the excellent Bernhardt's "World-Power or Down-and-Out" notion—is all nonsense. To do Dr. Dernburg justice, we guess he always thought so. He intimates that Belgium could be returned to the Belgians and repaired as far as possible, and that all that Germany would want would be the *status quo ante*, and a few rearrangements that would assure

her that she could trade anywhere on good terms.

Dr. Murray Butler is quoted as of opinion that Herr Dernburg did not dash this letter off on his own typewriter, but that it was composed by some one of superior diplomatic gifts—von Buelow, perhaps—and transmitted to Dr. Dernburg to divulge. Whoever wrote it, it is interesting and entitled to its place in the great war file. But the war seems not threshed out yet. Constantinople is not taken, the soil of Germany has hardly been scratched by the war plough, the validity of "frightfulness" has not been debated in Western Prussia, the Prussian militarists—those that are left—are still in control of Germany. Germany may easily get better terms when thoroughly thrashed than when half thrashed, since not until there are plain signs that the nonsense has been pounded out of her will her neighbors dare to trust her with the power for future mischief. A Germany cured of her madness—of trust in lies and spies and Krupps, of robber morals and slave-driver lusts, and pillage-hunger—would not find it hard to get fair terms. But it is important that when the war does end, Germany shall realize what has happened to her and why.



GENERAL HUERTA is in town. Perhaps this is a good place for him to come to, and certainly one likes his nerve in coming here and the discretion of our government in letting him ashore and letting him alone.

He talks pretty well. He cannot have a good opinion of the administration, but he speaks of it with considerably more discretion than Ambassador Bernstorff does. He denies that he was responsible for the murder of Madero, but Maderistas from near and far dissent from his denial. He says Madero's government had failed, but that is debatable. He says he wants to do anything he can to restore order to Mexico, and that is true, no doubt. But as for doing anything, he seems to have borrowed President Wilson's attitude of watchful waiting.



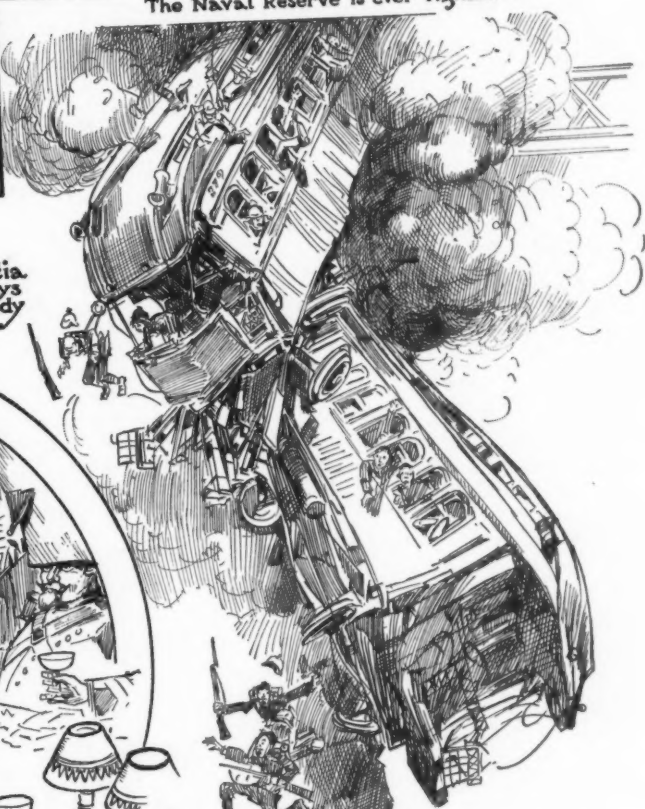
Impregnable New
WHY WORRY ABOUT INV



The Naval Reserve is ever vigilant ...



The Militia is always Ready



We'll back our "L" road against any Zeppelins..



...and so is the Old Guard.

HARRY GRANT TANT.

Impregnable New York
WHY WORRY ABOUT INVASIONS?



Having Fun With the Neutrality Question

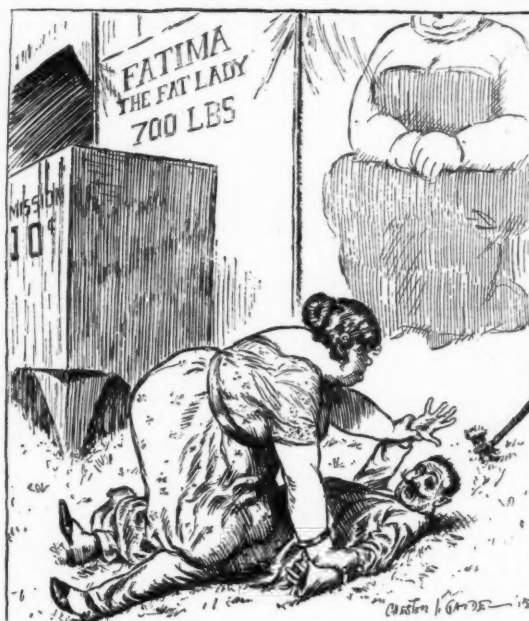


THE critic should be kind to a play like "The Hyphen". Early in its performance it discloses that it is hastily thrown together simply to gain patronage through the partisan interest of the public in a question of the day. After this disclosure, and the other which comes quickly after, that the author was guided by no artistic impulse, but set out to construct a commercial possibility in the way of primitive melodrama, the critic was enabled to lay aside his responsibility and permit himself to gain what cheer he could from the subsequent proceedings.

At the first performance of "The Hyphen" the cheer was good and plenty. The play was produced before an expectant audience that had gained some advance knowledge that the subject to be treated was the attitude of the German-Americans in this country in respect of their American loyalty in the present war. There were rumors that in the audience were German-Americans prepared to turn loose their affection for the Prussian cause in some kind of a demonstration. This came early in the play. A pro-German sentiment was uttered on the stage and a lonely German promptly started a solitary burst of applause. The rest of the audience simply laughed. Then came a climax when Mr. W. H. Thompson had to sing a few lines of "The Star Spangled Banner" as a solo in protest against a singing of "Der Wacht am Rhein" by some of the German characters. Mr. Thompson is not a vocalist, and, if he were, he couldn't sing "The Star Spangled Banner" any more than anyone else can. If ever there was a failure as a national air for singing purposes it is "The Star Spangled Banner", but its introduction was excuse enough for a few persons in the audience to rise to their feet in the usual shame-faced American way. The air was introduced for purely theatrical purposes, and there was no more reason for anyone to stand up than there is when Mr. George M. Cohan waves the American flag to help out one of his shows—perhaps even less reason, because the American flag is a very good flag and means something, and "The Star Spangled Banner" is a very bad national anthem and in itself means very little.



AGAIN there came a patriotic climax which was emphasized by an especially heavy blast in the new subway being dug under the theatre. The audience, already in a laughing mood, found this coincidence a cause for more merriment, and the fate of the play as a serious proposition was settled for good and all. Much joy was derived from the stage business of three German conspirators, who were trying to organize a pro-German conspiracy in this country. One of them in particular, supposed to personify a German editor in New York who is conspicuous in his efforts to stir up



HIS CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF HIM

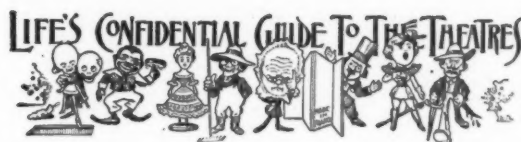
German animosity in America, never made a move without creating a laugh. These conspirators were meant to be taken seriously, but they unavoidably reminded one of the conspirators' chorus in "Madame Angot".

Mr. Justus Miles Forman had a good dramatic motive in the question of the divided loyalty of some of our citizens of German blood. That he could utilize it for nothing better than melodrama which proved farcical reflects on his ability or taste, perhaps both. In the cast Mr. Thompson managed to give a touch of dignity and real emotion to the character of the old man who was German in birth and sentiment but wholly American in patriotism. Gail Kane, as an extremely vague heroine, whose identity the author attempted to make clear in a long explanation which halted the action of the last act, was physically delightful, but in her acting a reminiscence of the emotional methods popular in the twenty-three days. The rest of the company struggled bravely with the material provided.



EVERY once in a while there comes along an actor or an actress with an ambition to play one of the celebrated Ibsen rôles. There is now no wild enthusiasm for Ibsen in this country and audiences have to be cajoled to sit through the plays. The actor obsession is responsible this spring for two productions of "Ghosts" and one of "John Gabriel Borkmann", the last with Mr. Emanuel Reicher giving a dignified and in a way impressive impersonation of the very unpleasant title character. Now that there is no longer any Ibsen cult or any ungratified curiosity about his plays, it is difficult to conceive why, so far as the public is concerned, this prosy drama of gloomy domesticity should ever be revived again.

The same is almost as true of "Ghosts", although the latter has an abnormal dramatic interest for the morbidly inclined.



LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRE

EVIDENTLY the press is not taken very seriously by the members of the Legislature of the State of New York. The spanking given to the New York Times by four Senators, members of Committee on Codes, shows that the politicians are aware that the newspapers of the State will not stick together for their common defense, and therefore it was entirely safe to administer the affront to so prominent a journal as the Times.

The circumstances were that the Times had caused to be introduced in both houses a bill making it a misdemeanor for any manager of a licensed theatre to exclude any citizen without just cause or reason. In the Senate the bill was referred to the Committee on Codes. Without any notice whatever to the Senate itself or to those interested in the bill, a snap meeting of the committee was called, and with only five members present, four of them voted not to report the bill. If the Times doesn't camp on the trail of those four Senators it will be lacking in the fighting spirit that used to characterize the journal in the days of its former publishers and editors, when they were not afraid to fight Boss Tweed in the height of his power.

Metcalf.



WARNING TO BEAUTIES
DON'T KEEP HIM IN THAT UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION TOO LONG OR YOU

Astor.—"The Eternal City" as a film play, with Pauline Frederick as the star.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Marie Odile". Drama showing how extremely agreeable German Uhlans could be in a French convent forty or fifty years ago. Things have changed in the present war, but the present play is interesting and well done.

Booth.—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Bubble". The star at his best in dialect and comedy work in a not remarkable drama dealing with the vicissitudes of a German-American dealer in delicatessen.

Candler.—"On Trial." Clever and original way of exploiting a not remarkably new melodramatic plot. Well staged, well acted and striking in its method of development.

Casino.—"Experience." Our own sins and vices preached about in agreeable and spectacular fashion by resort to the methods of the ancient morality play.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Farical comedy, laughable and well presented, with advertising and its methods used to further romance and merriment.

Comedy.—"The White Feather." Melodramatic comedy very well done and basing its interest on a plot derived from the recent spy-scare in England.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Long Island country life disturbed by a smuggling scandal. Polite melodrama with a fling at some weaknesses of our customs service. Well played and absorbing.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." The sub rosa life of Germany as depicted by Sudermann made the basis of an American play by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Well done and of interest to those who care to study the courtesan's life in detail.

Empire.—"A Celebrated Case." A dramatic curiosity in the way of an old-time success dragged out for inspection with the aid of a modern cast. Interesting as a study of how we have changed.

Forty-eighth Street.—Season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, opening with "The Yeomen of the Guard" and De Wolf Hopper as the star. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Emma Trentini and Clifton Crawford in "The Peasant Girl". Conventional Viennese comic opera with better music than usual and very well rendered.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." An argument for temperance with the old awful example appeal, the victim this time being an inebriate gentleman who goes to bed in the wrong flat.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." Wholesome, humorous and pathetic little comedy dealing with episodes in the life of a little girl who had the misfortune to be born a foundling, but eventually finds happiness.

Garrick.—Arnold Daly in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell". An excellent presentation of what is perhaps Mr. Shaw's brightest comedy. Quite worth seeing, if for nothing else than Mr. Giddens's delightful impersonation of William, the waiter.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Messrs. Montgomery and Stone the chief funmakers in a clever and elaborately staged musical extravaganza based on the old Aladdin story.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie". Cleverly constructed and interesting drama of English domestic life, with its theme the contrasting characters of two sisters. Well done.

Hudson.—"The Show Shop." Some of the things that might happen in the production of a new play cleverly and amusingly shown by a good company.

Knickerbocker.—"The Hyphen," by Mr. Justus Miles Forman. See above.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." British brand of farcical comedy. Diverting and well presented by imported company.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." Impressive film play deriving its theme and interest from the vivid depiction of scenes connected with the period at the close of our Civil War.

Longacre.—"Inside the Lines," by Mr. Earl Derr Biggers. The British fortifications at Gibraltar made the background for a well-acted and absorbing drama of military life, with the spy motive emphasized.

Lyceum.—Margaret Anglin in "Beverly's Balance", by Paul Kester. Light but clever little comedy of divorce, full of laughable lines and incidents and very well staged. A good after-dinner diversion.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Auctioneer," with Mr. David Warfield in the title part. Revival of a diverting play and a celebrated impersonation.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Revolt," by Edward Locke. The unpleasantness of life in a Brooklyn flat contrasted with certain midnight joys in New York. Well played, but very unsavory.

Park.—Closed.

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. The kind of play beloved by those who think that city life is entirely bad and country life entirely good.

Princess.—"Nobody Home." Notice later.

Republic.—"The Natural Law," by Charles Sumner. Rather stupid play dealing too frankly with certain sex topics not usually discussed in public.

Shubert.—Revival of "Trilby", with good cast. An excellent presentation of a very good and wholesome play depending for its interest on a well-handled plot dealing with certain real heart interests.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Mr. Lou Tellegen in "Taking Chances". A diverting and well-played French farcical comedy, but unfortunately so risky that one has to be careful whom one takes to see it.

Wallack's.—Last week of Mr. Granville Barker's good company in their art nouveau rendering of Shaw and Shakespeare.

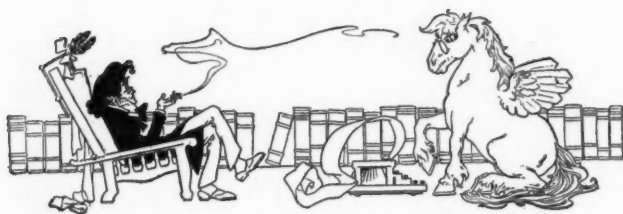
Winter Garden.—"Maid in America." Made especially for the t. b. m. and others who like their girls and ragtime in heroic doses.

Ziegfeld's Follies.—More cabaret and dancing for those who have not had a sufficiency when the clock strikes twelve.



MAY HAVE TO TRY IT YOURSELF

PAUL GODD



TWO kinds of intensity, that of the dancing Dervish, and that of the spinning top, balance each other in "Richard Dehaen's" novel, "The Man of Iron" (Stokes, \$1.35)—a piece of fiction that is likely, for a large and susceptible audience, to prove the book of the hour. It is a story of the Franco-Prussian War, with Bismarck as its central and pivotal figure; with the dramatic romance of a British hero and a French heroine as its basis; and with a prophetic pointing out of the present war as the Last Judgment to be passed upon the Bismarckian policy of Blood and Iron as its inferred conclusion. But these facts do not account for the book's appeal. They merely add a fortuitous timeliness to it. "The Man of Iron", in spite of its inexcusable length, is engrossing because it is the lyric product of a controlled emotionalism. Miss Graves takes History as some men take Hashish. And she writes like an inspired Bacchante while she is "under the influence".

TIMELINESS, on the other hand, is the chief asset of another "intense" novel of the moment—James Hay, Jr.'s "The Man Who Forgot" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25). Miss Graves's fervor is creative; poising vivid figures against a colorful background. Mr. Hay's intensity runs chiefly to a thin tension. His book's hero—who is constructed chiefly of superlatives—is a six-foot superman whom Whiskey has freakishly robbed of his memory, but left otherwise unscathed; and who manages an "I can't marry you till I know who I am" love affair with one hand, while forcing Congress to pass a prohibition amendment to the Constitution with the other. National prohibition is beginning to look, for the first time, like a possibility instead of an impertinence. "The Man Who Forgot" drives this fact home. It has no other merit.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S "Brunell's Tower" (Macmillan, \$1.50) makes a good counterfoil to these widely dissimilar, but equally orgiastic, tales. It deals with simple folk, simply. Yet it is, like all its author's work, inspired by a deep, undeviating, unprejudiced interest in the mixed finenesses and foibles of living men and women; and in the way these weave and web into the flux of life. Its scene is a small pottery in Devon. Its characters are the owners and the workmen. Its "story" is that of the effect produced upon the fixed personality of one of these owners, and upon the still malleable personality of one of these workmen, by a mutual liking and a difference of ethical outlook. It ends "badly". But it reads exceeding well.

VOLUMES of compiled quotations are rarely, in any constructive sense, clarifying to those who read them. They are often fun to potter over. They seldom sum up anything. And Willard Huntington Wright's "What Nietzsche Taught" (Huebsch, \$2.00) is not, for the unready, an exception to this rule. It contains a short biographical sketch of Nietzsche; followed, in order, by a succinct description of each of his published works, to which is added a well-chosen mass of brief quotations therefrom. But, although these



"TOO BAD WE GOT DROVE OUT O' THAT GERMAN TRENCH, BILL."

"STILL, I'M GLAD TO GET BACK 'ERE. THERE AIN'T NO PLYCE LIKE 'OME."

form, in fact, an articulated skeleton of Nietzschean thought, the apparent lacunæ are more likely to puzzle the neophyte than is the implied sequence to impress him. However, for any thinking reader, the book is a fine one to dip into and to help oneself from as from an intellectual free lunch counter.

THE Pennsylvania Germans have yet to find a writer to do 'even approximate justice to the racy raw material of their provincialism. The job calls for something more than a local colorist. A nice sensitiveness to sentiment and a quick eye for incongruities is no adequate equipment for it. It calls for a big humanist and humorist. Some day, it is to be hoped, it will find one. Meanwhile, "Katie Gaumer" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.35), by Elsie Singmaster, is a pretty enough story ("Pennsylvania German Type", as they say on the Camembert cheese boxes), which tells us, with the nice sensitiveness to sentiment and the quick eye for incongruities aforesaid, the history of a pathetic little live wire that got short-circuited.

J. B. Kerfoot.



RIVAL ROUTES

Our Navy Column

THERE are several new designs in knitting. Those who wish to take lessons should write direct to the Navy Department in Washington.

The suggestion that the old engines be ripped out of all our battleships and new ones installed, which will bring these battleships up to or beyond the same speed as those of England and Germany, has not been favorably received, as it is thought that if our ships were speedy our men might get reckless. "Knowing that they can easily be overtaken will make everybody cautious" is the motto.

A manual of Mr. Daniels's moral and religious and ethical and social and personal views, it is understood, will shortly be issued. It will be divided into sections, articles and paragraphs, like a text-book, so the officers and men may follow it constantly without loss of time.

Those enlisted men who have not yet joined the Sunday-school Union should send in their names.

Faces

FACES come on people, waters and notes that are always coming due at the most inconvenient time. When faces belong to people they vary in size and shape and do not appear to be constructed according to any matured plan. They also come in various colors, red, blue and white. Some faces belonging to certain young ladies between seventeen and twenty-five are highly ornamental and are calculated to inspire one's respect for the careful workmanship of the creator. It is difficult, under some circumstances, and when there are no others present, to get too close to such faces as these. Faces are used by their owners for various purposes; for example, to conceal lack of brains. Every face has one nose, two eyes, two lips, a forehead, eyebrows and cheeks. Also chin, which is used to make music. The nose comes in various colors, according to the taste of the owner, ranging from an alabaster white to a deep purple.

The Great and Only

AMONG those celebrities whose writings nobody ever reads, but of whom everybody talks knowingly, is there any greater name than that of Nietzsche?

This gentleman fought, bled and died in some European philological warehouse. He was president or vice-president, we forget which, of a lunatic asylum. He wrote a book called "Thus Spake Jerusalem"—where his family came from—or something like that, and we believe that when he was trying to cross the Alps in a battleship designed by a man named Georg Brandes, he committed harakiri because the captain made him eat a ham sandwich in the dog watch.

It doesn't make any difference whether you are right or wrong in your facts about him. "Everything goes" with our old philosophical side partner Nietzsche. If a Harvard professor has a new theory of pedantics which he wants to "put over", for a raise in his salary, he utters the mystic name of Nietzsche, and all the high-brows are immediately prostrate.

Nietzsche brought on the war. He invented earthquakes; he paved the way for the Bergson cult, about which one or two New York society women (who haven't caught up) are still

raving; he is responsible for the gyroscope, shoot the shoots, Mary Pickford, Lloyd George and the superman.

Yet, in spite of all the free advertising the superman has received, that gentleman doesn't seem to get on. When you see a superman rising over the horizon, the chances are that he will board you later and brace you for the loan of a fiver. No superman, so far as we are aware, has ever earned more than eight dollars a week nor ever kept his job beyond the second week.

Not for a moment do we deprecate Nietzsche. We haven't read anything of his, and we never mean to, as long as Parkhurst and Hubbard are writing for the *Journal*. But we thoroughly believe in him. Anybody who can give an entirely new direction to American feminine thought, whatever that is, can bring on a war, add to the responsibilities of so many publishers, and raise the intellectual standard of lunatic asylums, is no small potatoes. He merits our profound respect. He has all of our captains of industry beaten to a frazzle.

T. L. M.



A FIXED POST

A Compliment to Mr. Lane

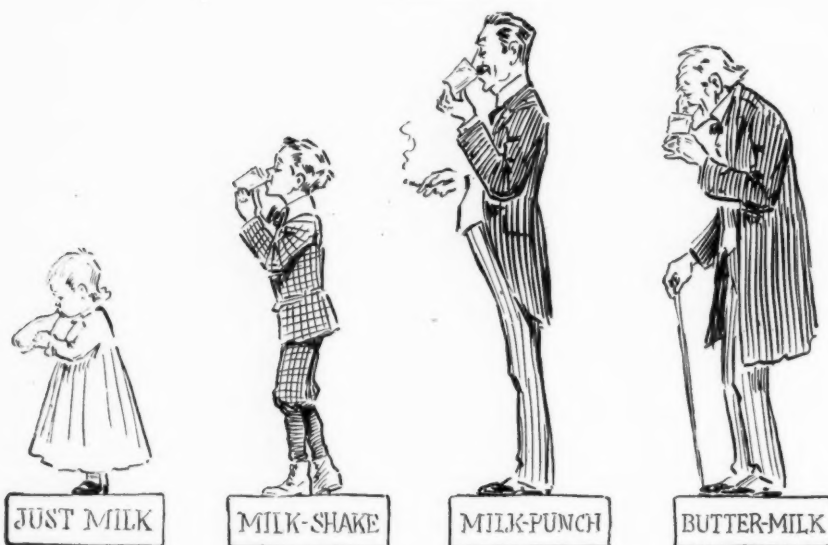
THERE has been no general protest so far against the action (last month) of the University of California in making Franklin K. Lane an LL.D. What with the rush of the Fair and the din of the war, nobody has found time to complain.

But maybe it is just as well. Let Mr. Lane have the LL.D. Every Cabinet officer ought to have one, and Mr. Lane is a Cabinet officer. He has advertised so little that most people don't know it. He has put forward no liquor views and has made only a few speeches. Indeed, he hasn't done much except look after the affairs of his own department. That is something, for he is Secretary of the Interior, and really has a good deal on his hands, including a government railroad in Alaska.

Mr. Lane came from California. That is one odd thing about him. The other is that he seems to be rated as the most efficient and satisfactory of all the President's official family. Perhaps it is a toss-up between him and Mr. Houston which is the most valuable man in the Cabinet, though Mr. Garrison also is very generally credited with doing his work well, and there is little against Mr. Gregory.

Mr. Bryan, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Burleson and Mr. James Wilson are the Cabinet targets, and they all get due attention.

STRANGELY enough, it is the small-bore people who make the biggest bores.



THE MILKY WAY



THE HYMN OF HATE

Any Remedy Is Worth Trying

ACCORDING to a report from an insane asylum in Pennsylvania, fox-trotting introduced among the patients of this institution has had marked curative properties. Insane people who are given doses of the modern dances find their insanity considerably neutralized.

If this is true, and good results are thus to be obtained in asylums, why not try it in the Albany capitol? Could the Albany politicians, who are now flirting with the destinies of New York, be reduced to a condition of partial sanity and probity, who could then say that the fox-trot had lived in vain?

After-the Honeymoon

"OF course you didn't see anything."

"I had no idea you were going to keep house—thought you were going to board."

"How perfectly lovely your wedding presents all look. I hadn't the slightest idea your friends were so good to you."

"Of course you'll miss your parents terribly at first, but it's so sensible to start alone. By and bye it won't make so much difference who you have."

"Yes, it's always the first year that's so hard."

"Promise me if you want anything you'll let me know. I'll be over every day, anyway, until you're settled."

"They Say"

WHAT we want in this community is not charity, but justice.—*Municipal Court Justice Hartman.*

What most of us want is a job.

* * * * *

There are a great many people—not so many that they give me any particular concern, but nevertheless a great many people—who, in the language of the day, are trying hard to "rock the boat".—*Woodrow Wilson.*

Josephus rocked the boat a good deal when he got rid of Admiral Fiske.

* * * * *

The man who does not appreciate a beautiful woman has his artistic nature dwarfed or crushed.—*Miss Susanna Cocroft, of Chicago.*

But it may not be his fault. He may be an old married man.

* * * * *

If a man like John Hay or Elihu Root had been Secretary of State instead of William Jennings Bryan, we might have hoped for better results from our dealings with Mexico.

—*Senator Reed Smoot.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Man never is but always to be blessed by those you would like to choose yourself.



WHAT IT WILL MEAN



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE

Women in the long run will not accomplish things simply because they are women, but because they work as the men—for human service.—*Prof. Charles Zueblin, at the "Suffrage shop".*

Most of the men we know are working for themselves. When they lay too much stress on human service they are trying to hide their incapacity

* * * * *

Speaking on the broader subject of general business conditions and the outlook for the future, I would say that business should face the future with confidence.—*President E. B. Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.*

Here's one railroad president entitled to the Iron Cross for being the only optimist among them all.

* * * * *

Long ago the writer learned how profitless it is to engage in a controversy with a newspaper, which, perforce, has the last say.—*T. J. Walsh, to the Editor of the New York Times.*

This sounds almost like a man talking to his wife.

My investigations show that the "fresh eggs" you see in so many windows are cold storage eggs.—*Mrs. Julian D. Heath, President of the National Housewives' League.*

We suspect that this only confirms the experience of about ninety million others.

* * * * *

But however the body of the nation may be mutilated, as long as its soul lives it will know that this war was the greatest spiritual victory which Germany ever won, and that the country was never greater and never worthier of every German's proudest love than in this hour.—*Extract from Hugo Münsterberg's book, "The Peace and America".*

Shades of Belgium and Louvain!

* * * * *

The results of the entire investigation of milk feeding, which extended over a period of almost three years, fully justify the conclusion that milk is an important matter of diet in so far as mortality and growth are concerned.—*Leo F. Rettger, Ph.D., of Yale University.*

Wonderful! Great news! We rejoice that milk is at last being recognized by science.



IN THE DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS
ENTER THE ENTHUSIAST WHO HAS EXPERIMENTED WITH A FLYING MACHINE

Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity

A SOCIALIST and a minister had a falling out. The Socialist declared that all men should be brothers.

The minister insisted that all men should be brothers. Thus they nearly came to blows.

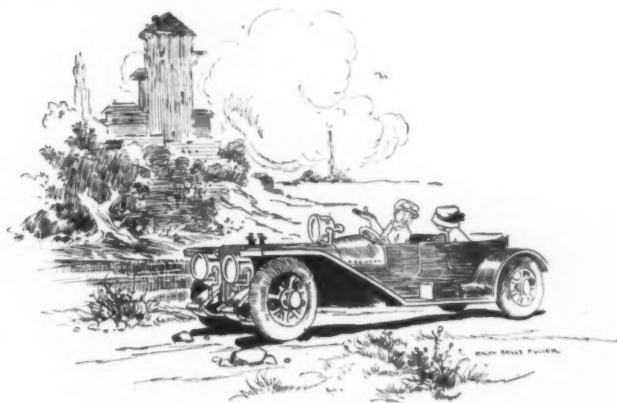
Then the war broke out and they both joined the same regiment. In the terrible campaign which followed each of them killed sixteen Frenchmen, and both were decorated with the Iron Cross. And they shook hands cordially and agreed to let bygones be bygones.

In the dark soil of adversity does human kinship grow.

Two Ways

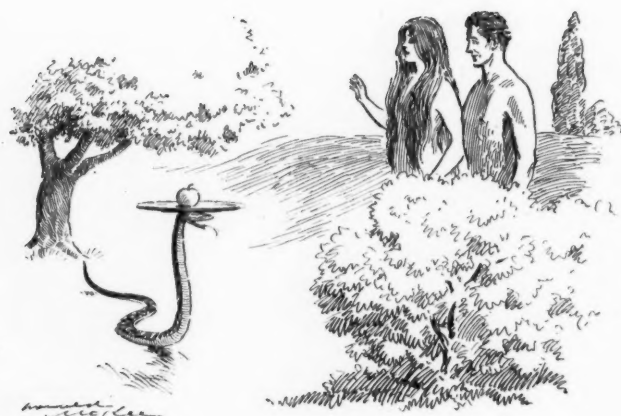
HOKUS: Why is he such an utter failure? Does he jump at conclusions?

POKUS: No; on the contrary, he seems to be quite methodical about making his mistakes.



Mr.: MY DEAR, THIS TOWER GOES BACK TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Mrs.: WHAT'S THE MATTER? ISN'T IT SATISFACTORY?



FIRST ARRIVALS AT THE CAFÉ EDEN

The Dividend

A DIVIDEND is what is left over from the rent paid by any large financial body for the privilege of taking up room, after everybody else has gotten through with it. On the other hand, the dividend of a railroad may in some cases be the amount of its earning incapacity.

Dividends are paid on assets. Also liabilities. Frequently the question as to how much a dividend shall be is governed by the sum total of all the company owes.

Dividends are enjoyed by magnates, corporation lawyers, metropolitan editors, and occasionally by widows and orphans.

Dividends come in all shapes and sizes—large and small, cut, reduced, doubled, passed and deferred.

They are usually declared by a company of men whom you have never seen, and under circumstances which, if you knew them, would probably cause you to "shudder and grow sick at heart".

Thus—if you are living on your income, or trying to—next month's breakfast, the warmth of your clothing, the heat of your rooms, and the quality of your companions, may all be determined by the decision of a set of total strangers, meeting around a board and trying to decide the highly moral question as to just how much they may be warranted in deceiving you and others with regard to their continued capacity to keep up their obligation to you.

Who Knows?

AFTER the Bible has been at last successfully adopted by the public schools, the next important movement will be to get it introduced into the churches, where at present it is only read from occasionally. In this way it might in time come to take the place of flutes and harps, popular lectures, vaudeville performers and other more or less unpopular forms of entertainment.

Sorrows of a Lost Leader

THERE is due to be received at Oyster Bay another letter beginning: "Dear Colonel: I am in trouble." W. H. Walters, of Cripple Creek, who received from an ex-President a few years ago a letter of congratulation on the birth of his eighteenth child, was sentenced on March 24th to ten years in the Colorado State Penitentiary for "inhuman treatment of his children".

Walters was using his children, girls and all, to do heavy lumbering for his sawmill. His girls said he treated them like slaves.

Poor man! He over-did.

The Old Stand-by

WHAT would suburban life be without its church debt?

When all other subjects have been exhausted, when there is nothing else to do but sit around and look unpleasant, there is the church debt staring one in the face, dropping into spend the afternoon and evening with its knitting and its plans for enlargement.

Why are there church debts? For various and sundry purposes. They furnish a background for church fairs and other equally shady enterprises. They serve as a guide to all the niggardly souls in the community who refuse to contribute. They give the clergyman a chance to brighten up his sermons by original remarks about the "reduction in interest".



Cupid: ONE OF MY MISTAKES

What's the Answer to the Mileage Question?

Miller Tire

But They Can't Answer Your Mileage Question Unless They're on Your Car.

SOME men try to answer this question by buying tires at a price. How can they get mileage out of a tire that price prohibits the builder putting into it? Others endeavor to answer it by dickering for adjustments—and that is all they get. Others accept the factory equipment tires on their cars as the solution to the mileage question. But the car builder neither makes nor guarantees tires.

This mileage question is never settled until it is answered right. You can only get as many miles out of a tire as the manufacturer puts into it.

Miller Builds Mileage In For You

by first making a shock-resisting back bone of cotton fabric. And do you know that fabric is just as important as rubber in a tire? In fact, while rubber is necessary for resiliency, its greater function is to protect the fabric. The Miller method, which gives you the right rubber compound (and plenty of it) goes farther. It produces the right kind of fabric and that's what makes *Miller Tires go farther!*

The Miller Method is an exclusive process of vulcanizing with a low degree of heat—applied for a short time. It retains the natural wax and oil in the cotton fibre, and thus prevents internal friction, because it leaves nature's lubricant in the minute strands and fibre of the cotton.

This wax and oil carbonize at 240 degrees, but the old method requires 287 degrees to vulcanize the tire. A brittle and lifeless fabric cannot stand the terrific punishment that all tires must endure.

The process by which Miller tires are built, thoroughly vulcanizes, makes a perfect unit of rubber and fabric, without burning the life out of either, and with no point of cleavage in the construction.

This method of vulcanization—the retention of the vegetable wax and oil—means life in the fabric and rubber. It results in safety—freedom from blow-outs; and additional miles of wear in Miller tires, as thousands and thousands of motorists have found out.

Settle this mileage question today by going to the Miller dealer. When he puts Miller tires on your car, you can put the mileage question out of your mind for good.

The Miller Rubber Co., Akron, U. S. A.
Distributors in Principal Cities

The answer to the skid question is Miller Geared-to-the-road Tires! They gear your car to the road through mud, sand or slush. With Miller tires on your car you're in control. Its tread is an integral part of the tire and retains its safety features until the entire tire is worn out. The greater mileage you get from them will make your choice of Miller Tires an economy, as well as a permanent safeguard. **MILLER TUBES** answer the tube question.

**WAX AND OIL
IN THE COTTON
MEAN MILES
ON THE ROAD**



Unlucky Moses

"Economy has its pains as well as its pleasures," says a Washington preacher, "if the experience of an old negro of my acquaintance counts for anything."

"One spring Moses was going round town with the face of dissatisfaction. When I questioned him, he poured forth his troubles in these words:

"Marse Tom, he come to me last fall and he says: 'Mose, dey's gwine to be a hard winter, so you be keeful and save yo' wages fast and tight.'"

"And I believe Marse Tom, yassuh I believe him, and I save and save, and when de winter come I ain't got no hardship, and dere I was wid all dat money jest thrown on my hands!"

—Philadelphia Record

A Poor Rule

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, but a poorer one that won't work our way.—Boston Transcript.



THE NEST-EGG

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE will not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address

Recent numbers of THE CENTURY have been hard to get on the news-stands soon after publication. The following, for instance, is something of

THE MAY CENTURY

SHALL WE BE ANOTHER BELGIUM? R. M. Johnston of Harvard and the War College at Washington, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on Napoleonic history, writes some sublimated common sense on the subject of American armament. That it takes two to make a quarrel he explodes easily, that and other such kindergarten axioms

ME. This second instalment of the anonymous and astonishing autobiography of a well-known woman novelist carries her into the Pigs' Hair Department of a Chicago stockyard firm as a stenographer, and there are a number of adventures.

THE CZAR. In this instalment of "Cabbages and Kings" H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who is known as the royal gossip of Europe, tells about the Czar and his folks. She has been accustomed for years to drop in on him at any time for a few weeks. They say she is the most democratic royal person in Europe, with the quickest sympathies and the sharpest tongue. Herford's illustrations really do illustrate.

POLAND'S STORY. Judson C. Welliver tells why he thinks that Poland, the tragic queen of the submerged nations, will see her last and dearest hopes crushed after the War of the Ten Nations is over

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CLOTHES-LINE. Carolyn Wells on detective fiction. Frederic Dorr Steele has here the opportunity of burlesquing his own original drawings for Sherlock Holmes

DEAR FABLES. The frontispiece in color is by Arthur Rackham, who, says the Boston Evening Transcript, "draws and paints as James Barrie writes, fantastically, whimsically, wonderfully."

And there are short stories, distinctive verse that is not mere filling for page-ends, and pictures of The Century standard.

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Extra heavy traction tread insures unusually long life. Guaranteed for 5,000 miles.

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supply you,
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for them.
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AL



MOTHER GOOSE OF TO-DAY

Hickory, dickory dock.
The war put down the stock.
The stock we sold
Went up threefold.
Hickory, dickory dock.

Mormons and Non-Mormons Clash

FOURTEEN professors of Utah University resigned on March 18th as the result of the action of the Regents in upholding and declining to investigate President Kingsbury's exploit in dismissing four professors and moving another. The five professors affected were all non-Mormons, and that fact is supposed to have been at the bottom of what was done.

It is natural that Mormons and non-Mormons should not mix well in educational work. The organization in which they mix the best is the Republican party, in which Senator Smoot, of Utah, is an honored leader.

You Could Carry It on a Finger



Basline Autowline weighs only 4½ lbs. —so light and small you can tuck it in your car any place.

But get this: When you want a tow home, Basline Autowline takes hold and hangs on with its Patented Snaffle Hooks till the job is done.

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Insist on Basline Autowline with the Patented Snaffle Hooks. Of all dealers. Price, east of the Rockies, \$3.95.

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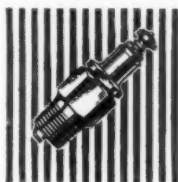
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FORD OWNERS

Do you know that—

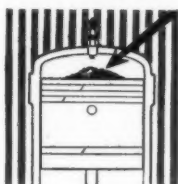


sooty spark plugs at frequent intervals warn you to investigate your lubricating oil?

If your oil is either too heavy or too light in *body* it will accumulate in the combustion chambers. In burning-up it usually fouls the spark plugs with carbon.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" make the best provision against this common cause of faulty ignition. The correct *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" prevents its working by the piston rings into the combustion chambers.

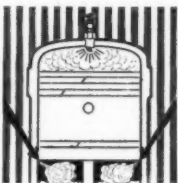
Do you know that—



incorrect *body* in your oil also leads to excessive carbon deposit on the piston heads and valve seats?

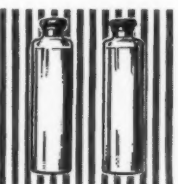
It is, of course, impossible to produce a petroleum-oil which will leave *no* carbon in burning. But the slight carbon of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" rarely accumulates. It is of a light, non-adhesive character and expels naturally through the exhaust.

Do you know that—



oil of incorrect *body* fails to maintain a proper oil seal between the piston rings and cylinder walls? Part of the explosion and compression then escapes down past the piston rings. Weakened power results. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" having the correct *body* for Ford motors, maintains the proper oil seal around the piston rings.

Do you know that—



while "light" oils are recommended by your Instruction Book, there is a great difference between oils classed as "light" both in *body* and *quality*.

Many "light-bodied" oils have no real place in any automobile motor. They vaporize rapidly in use. The oil then consumes far too quickly for proper protection to the metal surfaces. Maintenance cost mounts up. The noises of loose, worn parts follow.

In widespread daily use, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has shown remarkable ability to readily reach and protect all moving parts of the Ford motor and to maintain a *proper oil cushion under the heat of service*.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are providing the best of insurance against costly maintenance and motor repair bills.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.



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A grade for each type of motor

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The New Pedagogy

"Reginald, what did you study in school to-day?"

"We had two films of history and one reel of geography, ma."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

And the Cook is a Bear

"Every one in our family is some kind of animal," said Jimmie to the amazed preacher.

"Why, you shouldn't say that!" the good man exclaimed.

"Well," said Jimmie, "mother's a dear, the baby is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER Deities** to any other cigarette.



S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Foolish Question

"Would you love me as much if father lost his wealth?"

"He hasn't lost it, has he?"

"No."

"Of course I would, you silly girl!"

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

"I GIVE my wife half my salary every week to spend on the housekeeping and herself."

"And what do you do with the other half of your salary?"

"Oh, my wife borrows that."

—*Houston Post.*

"He is wise who is moderate—and he who is moderate is wise."

And it is for the wisely moderate man that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey — Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N. Y. That's All!

An Unfermented Champagne



Something New!

Hires CHAMPANALE

"Unfermented"

Choicest fresh white Niagara grape juice, spiciest fresh ginger root, purest cane sugar and grape fruit. Just recently put on the market, but already on beverage lists of the Waldorf-Astoria, Bellevue-Stratford, Ritz-Carlton, Adelphi, Martha Washington, and many other fine hotels and leading clubs.

We will send sample bottle for 10c. and your grocer's name.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Philadelphia



CLERK'S-EYE VIEW OF A BARGAIN SALE



A CLOSE CALL

Lost Motion

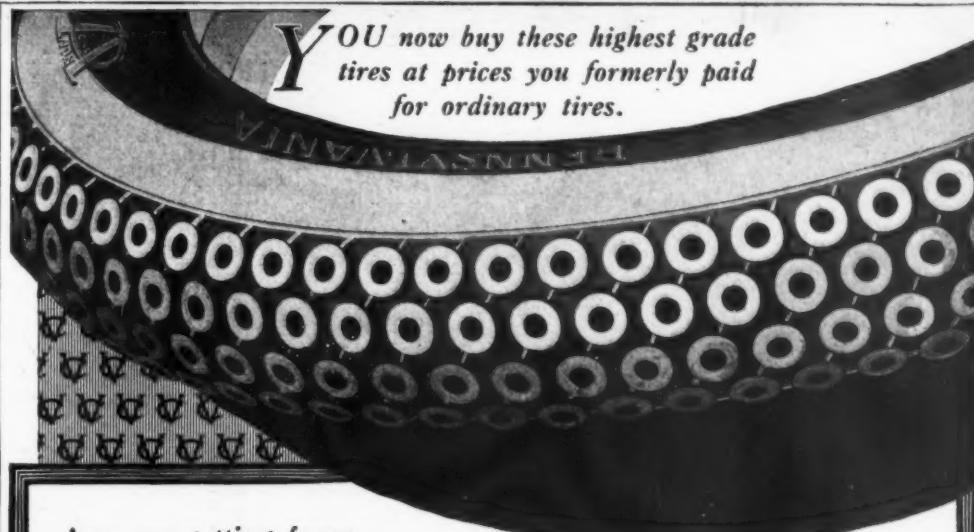
THE day having at last arrived when it was thought, not only that everything had been properly combined, but that there was also a union for everything, when it was discovered to the consternation of many that there was no union for parents who felt they ought to have something to say about who their daughters should marry.

The following resolution was thereupon presented:

WHEREAS, Experience has demonstrated that, as a general rule, young girls of nineteen or twenty—or thereabouts—can not be expected to have sense enough to select the right qualities in a man who may be their companion during a large part of their lives; and

WHEREAS, Those marriages which

STUDIES IN PERSPECTIVE—No. 2



Are you getting from your present tires anything like the *average* mileage of
6,760 Miles

recorded and certified to by The Automobile Club of America after official test of these tires?

Yet this figure only *partially* represents the service you can now fairly expect from Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

For we have added for 1915 fully 50% to their wear resistance, right on top of the quality that scored the above unapproached result.

And we have been able besides, to more than meet our proportion of all price reductions.

Absolutely Oilproof—Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, or returnable at purchase price after reasonable trial.

Interesting new prices just issued for Pennsylvania Gray and Puregum Red Inner Tubes—both with unqualified guarantees



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An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

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WRITE PHOTOPLAYS \$10.00 to \$100.00 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Start work at once. Correspondence course NOT REQUIRED. Details Free. Atlas Publishing Company 485 Atlas Building Cincinnati, Ohio

turn out best in the long run are the ones in which the parents are consulted and their selection chosen, therefore be it

Resolved, That parents form a union for the sake of seeing that their daughters are properly married.

The motion was about to be put when it was ascertained that there was no quorum of parents present, they being most of them riding in autos, playing bridge or poker, attending the baseball games, traveling in Europe or doing other things. The hopelessness of the situation being fully realized, the motion was laid on the table until the next generation, and the few present adjourned to the moving-picture show across the way.



The most authoritative expression of the present German position available in America will appear in Collier's the first two weeks in May. "A Nation United" by Senator Beveridge is the first of these articles and appears May 1st. The second article "German Thought Back of the War" also by Senator Beveridge appears May 8th.

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City



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Bon-bons— Chocolates

Dainty Bonbonnières of exclusive design are imported specially from Paris for Maillard candies; or you may have your purchases packed in Fancy Boxes to order and made ready for safe delivery anywhere.

Afternoon Tea in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six

FIFTH AVENUE at 35th STREET
NEW YORK



Physician: MADAM, YOUR SYSTEM IS THOROUGHLY UNDERMINED.

Christian Scientist: OH, THANK YOU, DOCTOR! YOU MAKE ME SO HAPPY!

How the Menace Helps

THE esteemed Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Sunday Visitor*, of Huntington, Ind., reports in its issue of January 31st that in a libel suit, tried at Joplin, Mo., Father Rossman, a priest of Wheeling, W. Va., got from a non-Catholic jury a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars against the *Menace* for libel.

The same authority (January 24th) reports arrest at Joplin of the *Menace's* staff for violation of the postal laws.

The *Visitor*, whose circulation (sworn) was 371,300 on October 8, 1914, swore to 421,300 on February 18, 1915, and seems to be thriving boisterously on Catholic persecution.

Why ask for larger post office powers to throw the *Menace* out of the mails when under present conditions it contributes so handsomely to Catholic prosperity?

She Was Willing

HE walked timidly in and looked around in a hesitating manner. His wife, a large, portly woman, towered over him. A lady from the desk came forward. The man spoke:

"This, I presume, madam, is suffrage headquarters?"

"It is."

"I came in to offer my services as



Watch Your Step!

GREAT Scott, man! Can't you be more careful? Don't forget you've got our Old Saratoga in your pocket.

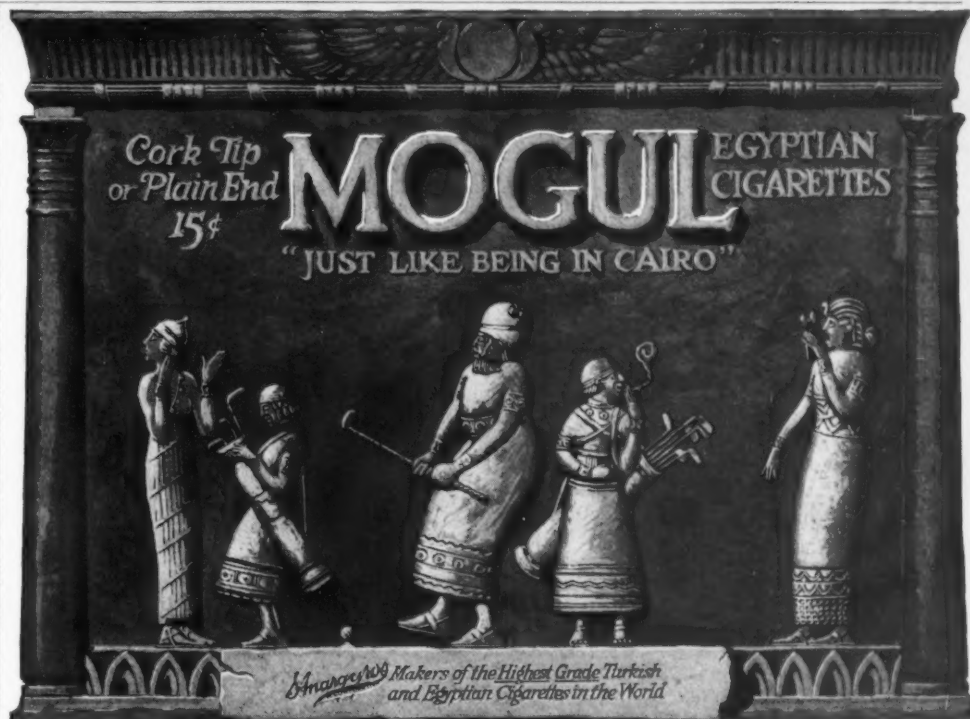
When you want a real drink ask for

Old Saratoga
EXTRA FINE
WHISKEY

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

Roskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia



GOOD NEWS for all Friends and Admirers of Egyptian Plain End Cigarettes

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PLAIN END

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Smargyres

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.

a speaker for your cause. Are you looking for talent?"

"Yes, sir, we are. Every little helps. Thank you. So you are friends of the cause?"

The man's wife now spoke.

"Not exactly," she whispered. "I'm an anti—even if he isn't. But I approve, ma'am, I approve. If my dear little hubby here wants to speak in favor of suffrage, and you are willing, so much the better. As you say, every little helps—the antis."

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The "lost collar button joke" goes into the discard: for the **Emery Nek-ban-tab** opens the starched-up collar-button pocket and lets a man slide the button right in!

The Nek-ban-tab is exclusively on **Emery** shirts, at \$1.50 up. Fit, color and wear are guaranteed. A New Shirt for One That Fails.

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Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and Catalog of Emery Shirts

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia
Offices also—New York, Chicago, St. Louis

Domestic Experience

"AND are you experienced?" inquired the Advertising Lady of the House.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the Applying Domestic. "I am thoroughly conversant with the most approved methods of breaking dishes and ruining kitchenware. I know all the best ways of spoiling good food products by reckless seasoning, overcooking and so on. I have been trained in securing the maximum amount of litter and untidiness in the kitchen and pantries with the minimum amount of utilitarian results. I know exactly how to fly into a passion upon the slightest pretext and display the utmost insolence toward all members of the household."

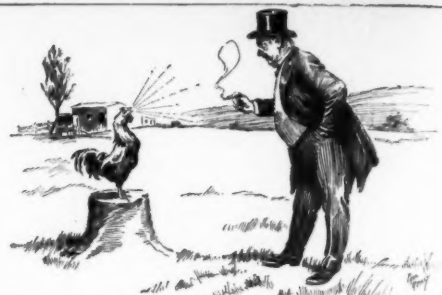
Not a Joke

The cup of true happiness comes near to overflowing when it is filled with good old

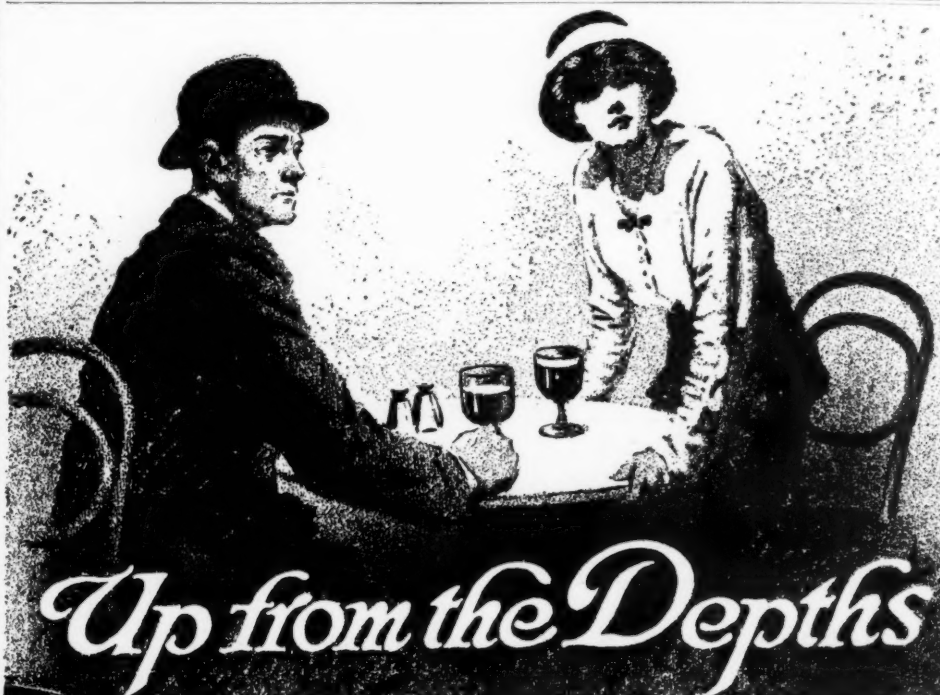
Evans' Ale

In short, I am experienced to such a degree of perfection that I consider it my sacred duty not to receive suggestions which would tend to alter my habits or interfere with my methods."

"Well, then," replied the Advertising Lady of the House, "you ought to make an ideal maid for some young bride who is just starting in to keep house, but as for myself, I think I had better hire some one who doesn't know anything."



The Politician: IT MAY NOT GET YOU ANYTHING, SON, BUT YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA



Up from the Depths

The man had killed a man—he had met the girl—a stranger—at half-past one at Rooney's. A crisis came—and under the surface of shame, the souls of each stood forth to sacrifice—and to a better, cleaner life. To O. Henry it is given to see beneath the outer darkness—to the soul within. It's not the truth a man tells, but the spirit in which he tells it that counts. That is why O. Henry can write of things not always told, and yet have a clean, high spirit. He tells of those who would rather suffer hunger than be bad—and the others

O. HENRY

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 90,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him, with love and pride, our greatest writer of stories.

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Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

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You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of disappointed letters that made us extend it this long. Send the Coupon today—and be glad.

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Billy Sunday

He raised his hands high and he clenched
his fists tight,
He jumped to the left and he leaped to
the right,
He sat on the floor and he stood on a
chair,
He ruffled his shirt and he tousled his hair,
He howled and he yelled and he twisted
and squirmed,
He crawled and he sprawled and he
wiggled and wormed,
He ranted and raved and his face be-
came red,
He danced and he hollered and stood on
his head,
He rattled, he prattled, he ripped and he
tore,
He chattered, he splattered, he stamped
and he swore;
He cracked a poor joke and he told an
old story,
He pointed the way to his heaven and
glory;
He took off his coat and he tore off
his tie,
He swore every faith but his own was
a lie.

Bride's &
Summer Homes
Now Ready

This year, in addition to the wedding suggestions which you rightfully expect to find in the May 1st Vogue, there will be a real surprise for the bride, her family, and her friends. Vogue has asked a number of the most original artists it knows—among others, Baron de Meyer, Claire Avery, and Robert McQuinn—to prepare independently a group of original wedding pageants. As a delightful variation from the ordinary wedding *mise-en-scene*, these pageants are given the leading place in the current Vogue.

Side by side with the pageants, there will be wedding gifts, bride's linen and lingerie, wedding gowns, veils and accessories. Look for them in the

Bride's & Summer Homes Number
of
VOGUE

Mr. McQuinn has also designed for Vogue some very original awnings; these are shown in the May 1st Vogue, with a notable collection of garden furniture, and fittings for the summer veranda. From now forward, when you are perhaps far from the city newsdealers, it is necessary to put your name down in advance for each number of Vogue—otherwise you may miss your copy.

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them. Also two booklets showing over 100
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THE MAGIC SHOP, 44 North 13th Street, Phila., Pa.

He drew a fine line with a thin piece
of chalk
And declared if thereon you were care-
ful to walk
You'd arrive in his heaven and all
would be well,
But that all other ground was the path-
way to hell.
He told us the devil for each of us waited,
He shouted, he spouted, he gesticulated,
He roared and he shrieked and he
foamed at the mouth,
He pawed the air north and he split
the air south,

He sneered and he snarled and his eyes
became wild—
And all in the name of the Christ who
was mild.
* * * * *
The people were pleased with these ele-
gant scenes,
They yelled their approval and gave of
their means,
They filled his hat full to the brim with
their gold,
To hear the glad tidings that hell is
not cold.
—Frederic W. Raper, in *The Masses*.

Get Your Garden Hat

And this Spring don't you want to look from under it and see better roses than you have ever grown before, a better looking lawn, a genuine artistic color scheme among your flowers and finer vegetables for the delectation of your week-end guests? You will find the help, in practical, definite form, to secure these results in

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So Country Life can serve you in your gardens, in your home, in all new and lovely schemes of decoration, among your pets, dogs or cats or ponies, in your sports—indeed, in a hundred ways. And besides adding to your pleasure it will save you a lot of money. To this end you can use constantly, without charge

Our Readers' Service

It grew to meet the special needs of our readers—the sort of personal and individual needs not covered in our magazines, owing to a lack of knowledge as to just what those individual needs were; this service of advice and information is given our readers without any cost to them. Many have insisted on paying for detailed information which our experts have forwarded to meet their particular problems, but no fee or payment of any kind is ever accepted.

A Board of Experts

This department has developed in a most remarkably efficient way; it is in charge of a man of broad experience as an educator, who attends personally to the thousands of inquiries we receive and refers them to the editorial experts who can best answer them; carefully prepared replies are sent by mail just as quickly as correct and authoritative information can be secured. These experts advise on business problems, investments, building, gardening, farming, etc.

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So sure are we that you will quickly become a regular reader of Country Life in America, that we are willing to sacrifice our immediate profit and we will send you with our compliments the May issue, "Planning the House and Its Garden Together," and enter your subscription for seven months—June to November inclusive, for only \$2.00.

Our Special Offer

The May number with our compliments and the next seven months for \$2.00. Please sign your name and address on the white margin below the sun dial, cut out and mail today.

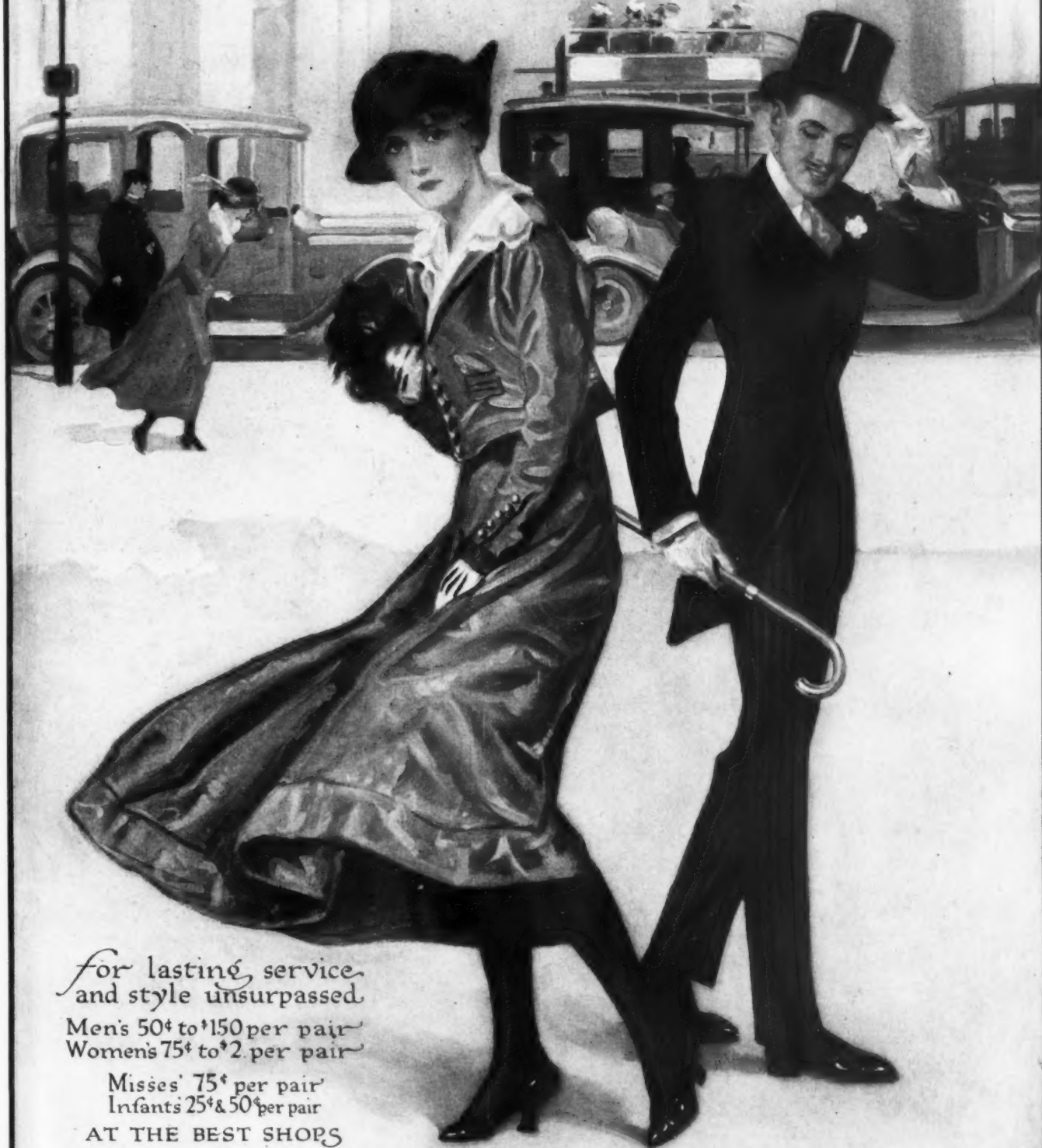
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